Volume LXI CHICAGO, JULY 23, 1908 Number 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE EXILE.

I've laid aside Earth's broken toys—
  Ambitions, hopes and fears;
The things I could and did not do,
  And Disappointment's tears.

I find my joy in simple things
  God left outdoors for me:
The mountains, filled with secrets old;
  The prairie, like the sea;

The music of the mountain stream;
  The quiet of the hills;
The winds that blow across the world;
  The touch of Christ that thrills.

And here, high up, close to the stars,
  The world seems far away;
I do not dream of it by night,
  Nor think of it by day.

I do not know if this be Age,
  Or whether life is spent;
But, by a mighty peace within,
  I know I've found Content.

—*Louise Paley.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI | THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908 | NUMBER 21

The graves grow thicker, and life's ways more bare,
As years and years go by;
Nay! thou hast more green gardens in thy care,
And more stars in the sky.
Behind, hopes turned to griefs, and joys to memories,
Are fading out of sight;
Before, pains changed to peace, and dreams to certainties,
Are glowing in God's light.

—*Lyra Mystica.*

Not "high wages" but "steady wages" is the great need of the American laborer. The dreary weeks of idleness that puncture the year bring not only dire distress but awful demoralization. The "slump in stocks" disturbs the employer and the defensive "shutting down of the mill" is an easy escape from more serious losses to him. He can promptly recoup himself by cutting his subscriptions to the church and other charities and postpone his trip to Europe or give emeralds instead of diamonds to wife and daughter at Christmas time. But the employes that are dismissed without warning must look upon wife and children growing ragged and hear them crying for bread. The burdens of "Hard Times" are not equally distributed. Profit-sharing is discussed more often than loss-sharing, but the latter is the more important.

R. L. Smith, "Grand President of the Farmers' Improvement Society of Texas," has a most interesting article in *The World's Work* for July on "An Uplifting Negro Coöperative Society," one item of which alone can find place in our editorial columns this week. Let Mr. Smith tell the story:

> In 1896 I called the first delegated assembly of the movement. I had to be very careful in giving this annual meeting a name, for the masses of my race in Texas are divided into two camps, religiously speaking—Methodists and Baptists—and they used to be jealous of each other. If I called this annual gathering a conference, this term, having a Methodist savor, might frighten away the Baptists; and, by the same token, if I called it a convention, the Methodist might look on the whole thing as a trap. So I borrowed boldly from the Episcopal church, and called the meeting an annual convocation. This allayed all suspicion, and settled for all time any distrust that might hinder the work.

The unlettered negroes of Texas are not the only people who are scared of words and are tripped up by labels. Half of the religious and political differences about which intelligent men and women are sensitive resolve themselves in the last analysis into the difference between a "conference" and a "convention," and perhaps harmony can be found in a "convocation."

A prophet is not without honor even in his own country, if you take time enough. Last month Yale College gave a master's degree to William Kent and Harvard University made a Doctor of Divinity of William C. Gannett. How UNITY rejoices in the enlargement of its household! It is now "William Kent, A. M.," and "The Rev. William Channing Gannett, D. D." We confess that we hardly know how to use the handles and we cannot think of these brethren in academic gowns, but it is very significant that these educational institutions should in the fulness of time put their stamp of approval upon the trail-makers and pathfinders of progress. There are many of the dignified dons of Yale who must have serious distrust of "Billy Kent's" venturesome plunging in civic affairs, and the readers of UNITY will remember that William Gannett was long a suspected heretic, even in the household of heretics. It was many a year before his sainted father could trust the heretical boy in his own pulpit, and there was a time when, spite of his sanity and his sweetness, William Gannett was considered a maker of mischief in Unitarian circles, particularly to the eastward. Have these brethren changed, or have the times changed, or are universities growing? Perhaps all three. Anyhow, we rejoice in the well placed honors.

> I have been out of employment for a considerable time and it seems impossible for me to land anything. Under the circumstances I was passing All Souls Church today and the thought struck me, "Why not write to the pastor? Maybe he can do something for you!" Understand, I am not a member of your church and never was in it in my life. I make this explanation because I do not wish to impose, as well as, possibly, presume at your expense. I fancy I should do different if I once got started in congenial employment again. If you are favorably impressed, let me hear from you at your convenience. Possibly you can enclose this letter to some one that could use my services.

Following hard upon the reading of the above letter, which followed the Editor to the Wisconsin sanctum, came the complaint of some farmer women of the great pressure of work and scarcity of labor; the overripened hay suffering for want of hay-makers; little boys and girls doing men's work on the load and on the stack. But on presenting the plea of the above "man in the city" there came the prompt exclamation of "They are no good!" "They do not know how to work!" "It is a waste of money to try to get them here!" "They won't stay after they come!" "We have tried it too often!" etc., etc., etc. Thus the deadlock confronts us—men dying from overwork and dying for want of work, with only $3.35 (the price of a railway ticket) between the two. In New Zealand the railroads offer free transportation to the unemployed who desire to reach places of employment. Here is need of some coöperative link. What can be done about it?

"New Work in Education"

The World's Work for July contains a most interesting symposium under the above caption. Some twenty of the leading educators of the country, mostly presidents of well known institutions, have answered the following question:

> What new subject or new method or new direction of effort or new tendency in educational work is of most value and significance and now needs most emphasis and encouragement?

President Hadley, of Yale, seeks relief from the "Elective Chaos;" Doctor Jordan calls for a "junior college," leaving the universities free to begin with the junior year of the present course and work upward; President Northrup protests against "Elective abuses"; G. Stanley Hall wants to raise the standard of scholarship; President Houston, of the University of Texas, rejoices in the "broadening of education"; Booker T. Washington would "teach a man his job"; Professor Bumpus, Director of the American Museum of Natural History, wants more "training by observation"; President Humphreys, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, and President Taylor, of Vassar, are distressed over the too many subjects; Professor Pound, of Georgia, wants agriculture for rural schools; President Stone, of Purdue, "better industrial training"; Miss Hazard, of Wellesley, would advance laboratory methods; Professor Ross, of Wisconsin, rejoices in the correspondence courses that "make a university for all the people"; Chancellor Barrow, of Georgia, wants to reach the neglected with libraries, lectures, etc.; Professor Claxton, of the University of Tennessee, says "education is adjustment"; Professor Knapp, of the Department of Agriculture, would teach adults how to farm, and Professor Kern, the famous Superintendent of Schools for Winnebago county, Illinois, wants more money for rural schools; E. E. Brown, the United States Commissioner of Education, enumerates in this article twelve forward steps taken or "concrete suggestions" now being made, among which he names the recent emphasis placed upon hygienic teaching, art, training, industrial education, agriculture in rural schools, the welfare of the child, the effort to bring the home and the school nearer to each other, outdoor and vacation schools, playground activities, trade schools, international education, etc., etc.

All this is exceedingly interesting and very encouraging, but with rather painful unanimity there seems to be an overlooking of what to our mind seems the greatest deficiency in the educational systems of America today, viz., the planting of ethics, old-fashioned morality, upon an academic basis. Much is being done in the way of teaching "public morality." Social ethics seem to have the floor; political economy has grown hopefully ethical. Sociology, the science of society, has or soon will have its innings. All this is as it should be, but is it not time for our universities and public schools, all schools, to specialize in the interest of what might be called personal ethics, the old-fashioned moralities of modest dress, pure speech, simple habits and controlled tastes? The complaint which Ruskin entered against university training fifty years ago still largely obtains—the most fundamental things in political economy—dress, diet (including drink) and debt are being persistently overlooked in their individual bearing.

Our institutions of learning, from the primary grade to the highest university, more or less willingly grant the ground to the old superstition that morality is the gift of a miraculous inspiration and that its demands must be enforced by supernatural agencies. The cry comes from all quarters that student life is growing more expensive and threatens to become more trivial. There is an obvious flippancy, a certain contempt for the old-fashioned sobrieties and sanctities on the campus. The Sunday School and the church receive but poor reinforcement from the colleges in their attempt to train the spirit to modesty, sobriety and simplicity. Has science nothing to say about the source, scope and authority of Fashion, the waste and the something much worse of the cigar, the pipe, the beer mug and the wine glass?

The President of a great university recently declared that there was an unquestioned and alarming increase in the use of tobacco among college students and deplored the apparent helplessness of the university to cope with this evil, which directly menaces intellectual agility as well as the social courtesies and the moral economies, because two-thirds of the faculty indulge in the filthy weed.

We are old-fashioned enough to note with pain the growth of the cigar habit among preachers and teachers of morality and religion. If there is no sin in the bird on the hat and the senseless, expensive and overworked dress among women; if a consensus of the competent declare that smoking and chewing and the bibulous habit, if they be genteel enough, are innocent and permissible, then let our scientific men in professional chairs declare them so and teach thus to the young men and women, that they may indulge with a clear conscience. If the contrary is true, let the facts be established from the same source and with equal authority. These are laboratory problems, and the university that will recognize them as such and put hard work into the curriculum on these lines will do itself great honor and render the cause of education great service.

The most urgent pedagogical demand of our day, as we understand it, then, is for the establishment of chairs in Ethics, plain, old-fashioned Ten-Commandment-moralities, in our institutions of learning. Such a course in the hands of a scientifically trained mind could not fail to prove interesting as well as inspiring; it would yield intellectual training as well as moral guidance.

The University of Wisconsin, which has justified the title of the "Utilitarian University" on so many lines, is distinguishing itself in these days by the prophetic way in which it has aided and abetted the Summer

School of Ethics conducted under the auspices of the Ethical Union that has its headquarters in New York City.

This university not only extended to this school such neighborly courtesies as were within its powers, but it incorporated into its own work such courses as would not violate its non-sectarian attitude towards religion. The courses now in progress prove true the "felt want" in this direction. Teachers in attendance on the regular summer school classes of the university are eagerly taking these ethical courses in large numbers.

If the Wisconsin University is to make good its reputation for heroic pioneering it will see to it that its interest in SIMPLE ETHICS, the study of personal PRIVATE MORALITY, is not the experiment of a summer, but its settled purpose all the year round. We have reason to believe that the university in question is alive to its opportunity and will consider the possibility of continuing the work which has proven so unexpectedly popular.

The relation of this Summer School of Ethics in Madison to its foster parents, the Ethical Culture Societies of America, is very interesting. It is already apparent that the child is to outgrow, perhaps disappoint, the conception of its parents. What was entered upon as an advertising movement, a missionary propaganda, may find a life of its own, a place in the economy of progress, quite independent of the societies that gave it being. The Summer School of Ethics now being held in Madison is one thing; the fraternity of Ethical Culture Societies that gave the Summer School its being and direction is another thing. They are both good, but one cannot be measured by the other. UNITY rejoices in the triumph of both and looks forward with confidence to the establishment of the next thing in academic progress, viz., the putting of individual ethics, personal morals and private habits into the scientific crucible and studying the same according to the painstaking methods of the laboratory, and we expect as a result therefrom a notable increase in the finest output of any and all schools, viz., Character.

When a man has done thee any wrong, immediately consider with what opinion about good or evil he has done wrong; for when thou hast seen this thou wilt pity him, and wilt neither wonder nor be angry.

Be not ashamed to be helped; for it is thy business to do thy duty, like a soldier in the assault on a town. How then, if being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another it is possible.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

What deep interest there would be in the most commomplace society if we could associate with human beings in this wondering, inquiring way, exactly as the chemist interrogates every new subject by innumerable tests, until he has discovered its properties and affinities.—*Frederick Robertson.*

THE PULPIT

Social Evangelism

AN ADDRESS TO THE NATIONAL CITY EVANGELIZATION UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT BALTIMORE, DECEMBER 5, 1907, BY REV. HENRY F. WARD, OF CHICAGO.

In many ways the significance of the social nature of religion is being impressed upon the consciousness of our times. Along with it comes an increasing recognition of the fact that one of the distinctive features of Christianity, its great undeveloped source of power, lies in its social capacity and possibility. It is the advantage of this asset that enables modern civilization to face the social problem with hope. Its courage in the combat with world-old foes springs from this weapon new-forged for its hand, whose strength it is now testing. With increasing authority the social mission of Christianity commands the attention and the energies of Christendom. The multiplication of social ministries and the growing volume of literature concerned with Social Christianity evidence a deepening conviction that the program of Christianity must give a large place to Social Evangelism, that the church must consciously and authoritatively recognize it as a definite function of the religious life.

Christianity has a definite gospel for society as well as for the individual. Its goal is social, the Kingdom of God. It is to the life of the Kingdom that it seeks to win the individual. The acceptance of these truths places upon men the compulsion of the social evangel. Whatever imperative calls the preacher to win individuals to a new life, urges him with multiplied force to call society to the life of the Kingdom. If the shepherd must be out after the one lost sheep he must also have compassion for the multitude. If there is a social gospel, then upon the heralds of the cross is laid its burden—"Woe is me if I preach it not." If we are not to call men out of the City of Destruction but to call men to live the life of God in the city, then somehow we must save the city with the men, in some fashion must make it the City of God. So the great evangelists, men as diverse as Savonarola and Wesley, appealed to the social conscience of their times, were social forces. So the prophets did something more than rebuke kings, they appealed to the heart of the nation, preached social justice. So the apostles found themselves in prison not because they taught a new doctrine, but because they ran counter to the social current of their time, "turned the world upside down." So Jesus came to Golgotha not because his teachings disturbed the complacent orthodoxy of the rabbis, but because his great Gospel of the Kingdom was in dynamic opposition to the utterly selfish lives of the chief priests and scribes, "the rulers of the people."

These all were social evangelists. With deadly precision they hit the conscience of the individual with their message, but with the same effectiveness they struck home to the social conscience. The fallacy that an individualistic gospel would somehow work out for the social good never deceived them. They had not studied social psychology, but they knew that religion can move men individually without moving them in the mass if it does not appeal to them in their group relations. As a matter of fact the inadequacy of a purely individual evangelism is painfully apparent. It has not saved our cities nor our corporations. It has presented us with the fact that many of the men at

the head of the unsocial forms of business, with their resultant governmental corruption, are members in good standing in evangelical churches. It has shown us that you may save souls without saving men. Its very incompleteness cries aloud the fact that an effective evangelism must make its definite appeal to men in their social relations, must reach all the outer, active functions of life in which they have to do with their fellows, as well as the inner, mediative functions in which the soul, apart from the world, has to do with its God. The gospel of the Kingdom insists that a man can have no relations with God apart from his relations to his neighbor, that religion is emphatically a family affair, that One is our father and we are all brethren. Which means that without losing any of its individual definiteness and effectiveness evangelism must have a conscious social aim and purpose.

This aim, of course, will be to realize the Kingdom of God as a social end. This purpose will be to control the forces of social development by the spirit of Christianity. Hence the appeal of social evangelism is not merely to individuals in their social relations, it is to the social consciousness as well. These are the days of the power of the group in commerce and in government, the times of democracy and the corporation, times also of the psychology of the crowd. Collectively men feel, think and act differently from what they do as mere individuals. We have a social consciousness and we are geeting a social conscience. Upon these rests our hope of social progress; for they make possible the conscious control of social evolution and its direction to the desired goal. And in this possibility lies the need and the opportunity for social evangelism. For the first time in history it finds the conditions at hand for the realization of its purpose. The brave theocratic attempt of Israel was foredoomed to failure by its nationalism. Jesus' preaching of the Kingdom awaited the social development of centuries for the conditions of its realization. But now the hour has struck. The priest was for the king and his day went with the passing of autocracy. The prophet was for the people, and democracy gave him his opportunity. But Jesus said that the men of the Kingdom were greater than the prophets and their day is now here. Their task awaits them—a social evangelism which proclaims the coming of the Kingdom, which is frankly human in its purpose and eternally divine in its spirit, which in the actual work of social construction and reconstruction deals with men where they live, which has an end in time and space as well as in eternity and knows that the two are one, which works for the Kingdom on earth and prays for the Kingdom from above, knowing that each waits for the other and that neither will be realized without the other.

It follows from its very nature that a social evangelism will be an evangelism of deed as well as of word. It carries the gospel of life and this is most effectively proclaimed in actual living relationships. When Jesus fed the hungry and healed the sick it was the most effective definition of the gospel of love. The gospel goes not one inch farther than the evangel of life carries it. It is still a leaven. Christianity has carried the evangel of the Prince of Peace only as far as the results of Peace Conferences in the actual modifications of warfare. This is the evangelism that convinces men far more than the fine frenzy of a propaganda. Hugh Price Hughes said that in securing the passage of the Factory Acts Lord Shaftesbury had done more for the Kingdom of God than if he had preached many gospel sermons, and it would be hard to find a more potent form of social evangelism than the manner in which the Nonconformist conscience of England has influenced its political life. All the social work of city churches, all the activities, as well as the life of our settlements, carry the gospel in living form that men may see and touch, as when the Word was made flesh. The social groups now largely alienated from the church, to whom the social question is a matter of life and death, are because of this deaf to most forms of preaching and impervious to the ordinary evangelistic methods of approach; but this leaven of life, this doing and living the evangel, cannot be denied and will not be refused. It is the gospel with power, and its appeal is irresistible.

This is hard to be understood by ecclesiastical organizations, whose tendency is to demand immediate results in the increase of adherents and to want to harvest the crop immediately after the sowing. These have small patience with the slow and silent evangel of the leaven of life, whose effectiveness can never be estimated by the standards of men possessed by the demon of statistics. The value of the social ministries of the church can never be determined by what they do or fail to do in bringing more people into the church. This is no fair standard to apply to them. Their purpose is social, and while they will open many a point of contact for individual, personal ministry, their main results will be social, to be seen and felt but not to be counted. With what instrument is spiritual power to be measured, and with what figures will you express the growth of the life of the spirit?

This matter of looking for results marks a fundamental difference between a social evangelism and one that is purely evangelistic. The latter is looking for adherents that it can count, and this at once puts it under suspicion with the very people it is trying to reach. It wants something for itself. In this respect the settlement has the advantage of the church. The church seeks members. The settlement serves God for naught, it will save life by the infusion of life, and if need be, by the loss of life. Too often the reason that the church cannot save its own life is that it will not lose it. Too often with sad fatuity it puts the barrier of itself between it and the very people it would reach, and sometimes, alas! between men and the Kingdom. There is something to think over in the cynical remark of the English statesman who when one attacked the church in his presence, said: "Don't destroy the church, it is all that stands between us and Christianity." Those who would do the work of the Kingdom must be as finely careless of results as was Jesus; must be willing to find them in his way. No followers! What of that? The cross to carry! What of that? Life lost! What of that? In it all the Kingdom draws nearer, the day of peace and good will on earth, the day of men that are brothers and a world that is God's becomes possible, and he that lost his life has saved it.

But a true social evangelism is not one of deed only. It needs also the tongue of fire and the inspired pen. Its first tack is to sound the call to social repentance, to show men their social sins that they may turn from them, to arouse and develop the social conscience. To men steeped in individualism, to a people hardened by generations of tolerance of the idolatry of commercialism, must be brought home the consciousness of the exceeding sinfulness of unsocial conduct. One of the significant signs of our times is the stirring of the conviction of social sin. From New York to San Francisco this nation has been profoundly moved by the exposure of social unrighteousness. We have come to see the social sins of individuals, to realize that men

may be good husbands and fathers and church members and yet bad citizens. But this is not enough. Far deeper than the sense of sin aroused by these particular local wrongs is the feeling of the great injustices of modern society which press hard upon all the finer spirits of our times. The inequalities of life, the hardships and deprivations of large sections of the population cry aloud that whether it be in the social organization, or in the spirit of our life, or in both, something is fundamentally wrong. We are all involved in it. Its taint is on the house that we live in, the food that we eat, the clothes that we wear. It is a fact and not a theory and we are all accomplices. There is no way out except by common action. The individual protest is but the voice in the wilderness. To be effective it must reach the city and move the city. And the city will not be moved, the common action will not be taken until together the people feel these social injustices, until there is a general conviction of social sin. This will not be a vague sentiment that will allow individuals to escape and leave the wrongs unrighted. "Thou art the man" will still be the word, but it must come home to every man. As Rauschenbush puts it, "as long as a man sees in our present society only a few inevitable abuses and recognizes no sin and evil deep-seated in the very constitution of the present order, he is still in a state of moral blindness and without conviction of sin." To bring this home to the social consciousness is the task of the social evangelist. Without denunciation and with no bitterness the work must be done. Again the call must arise, "Repent ye for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

The preaching of the law was the work of many a great evangelist. They reached the consciences of men by proclaiming the offended majesty of God, the terrors of his broken law. Now the Kingdom has its laws as well as its gospel, and it is the business of social evangelism to proclaim them. The laws of the moral life are not mere fiats on parchment or stone, they are written on the heart of man, engraved deep in human experience. So the laws of the Kingdom are inwrought with the very constitution of human society. They are exact with the precision of scientific facts. The Kingdom proclaims the law of love, the social scientist knows that the social organism develops only as fast as the altruistic instincts dominate the egotistic, that self-preservation demands self-sacrifice. The consequences of the violation of this law must be proclaimed. This business of social evangelism is not a mealy-mouthed cant about love. There are stern facts here and sterner laws, terrible as fate, resistless as doom. The continuance of modern social sins means absolutely and inevitably the destruction of modern civilization. When the heart of society has been eaten out with greed and materialism, and its body destroyed with sensualism and lust, legal and illegal, then we will know that "the soul that sinneth it shall die," social as well as individual. The preacher who proclaims this will take his chance of being called a sensationalist, but he will be of more value to his times than those who in the presence of the gross violations of the laws of the Kingdom by modern society raise no voice of protest or of warning. The voices that are raised against the social vices that flaunt themselves openly before our temples are few enough, but the voices that are raised against the denial of the spirit of the gospel by so many of the practices and standards of modern society are fewer and fainter still. How large is the volume of literature which demands that social and economic conditions shall be changed to conform to the Golden Rule and the Second Great Commandment, which insists that the so-called natural laws which are supposed in the text books to govern the production and distribution of wealth shall be consciously controlled by the will of man working in coöperation with the will of God until they become the Divine law of love and work for human brotherhood? This is a function of social evangelism and it is the business of the church. We cannot live in the wrongs of society and think to get ourselves and a few of our neighbors to heaven by keeping the ten commandments, by mere "statutory honesty." We shall none of us get to any heaven that is worth while unless we bring it nearer to this earth and bring this human society a little nearer to it, by proclaiming and living the great positive, constructive laws of the Kingdom.

The task of Social Evangelism is not ended when it has sounded the call to social repentance and proclaimed the laws of the Kingdom and the consequences of their violation. Some men are driven from sin by the thunders of society Sinai, but more are called by the gentle voice of the Son of Man talking about the Father's house and love. Some men come to repentance by way of the terrors of the law, but more by way of the beauty of holiness. It is the call of the ideal that woos men to the life that is born from above. So it is the business of Social Evangelism to proclaim the social ideal in all its charm and power that men may not only see it, but may rise up and follow it. When the voice of John the Baptist was stilled there was none to call the soldiers and the publicans to repentance, for Jesus was busy preaching the new life. Yet he called men from their sins with an authority that John did not possess, and the publicans and the harlots—they followed him. This new life that Jesus preached was not for individuals alone, it was the life of the Kingdom. In its human aspects it was the historical development of the social ideal of Israel, which stands as the best piece of social construction attempted in ancient history. In the gospel of the Kingdom, then, Jesus gives the world a social ideal, which is not a theory nor a dream. It has historical basis, it embodies not only the hopes of humanity, but it capitalizes the experience of the race. It is a counsel of perfection, it aims at social as well as individual holiness, in the fullest sense of that term, and will achieve its goal because it has behind it not only the social achievement of the past, but also the unconquerable impulse for perfection, which is one of the strongest forces in the evolution of society. The day when the social conscience stirs is the day of the ideal. The men who are crying the need of social reconstruction are all idealists. Whatever their social creed, they stand for what ought to be against what is. And the ultimate statement of what ought to be is in the social ideal of the Kingdom which it is the supreme business of Social Evangelism to proclaim, as an ideal to be realized in human society.

It is an ideal of life and not a system that is to be heralded. The social evangel proclaims no social or economic creed, but it does point out the fundamental principles on which the social ideal rests. It does insist that the economic and political organization of life, the means by which the social ideal is achieved must be based upon these principles, that they must control all life and not be left to moulder in the sanctuary.

There are two great principles basic to the social

ideal of Jesus. The first is the supremacy of men over things, and no age ever needed more to hear this message than ours. Our theoretic assent in paper constitutions to this principle and our sentimental love of life and liberty have little power in the exigencies of modern commercialism. To the times when property has more protection by the state than humanity, when men are enslaved by the very power of the wealth they have created, when men are held in bondage by the very machines they have made and which ought to set them free from economic fear and want, when human life is sacrificed upon the altars of commerce and industry with wanton cruelty unmatched by heathen rites of blood, there must be brought the message that men are of more importance to society than wealth, that the soul is more than the world. The other great social principle of Jesus is that the part can never be more than the whole, that the individual not only cannot seek his own interest against the good of society, but that in any conflicting claim he must sacrifice himself to the common good. It is unselfishness against selfishness, altruism controlling egoism, brotherhood against class. In the actual development of human society there has always been a favored class, the ruling class, that dominated their time by military, intellectual or financial power. But this principle of Jesus means the abolition of class. Before it must go not only all pride of caste, but all selfishness of special privilege and vested interest. It is not the sacrifice of the one to the many. The loss of individual liberty comes when one class withholds opportunity from another, but when each lives for all, and all live for each, the individual comes to his own, in submission of his interest to the common weal he finds his highest possible freedom of development, his only possibility of realizing the supreme worth given him in the principle that the soul is more than the world. This is the principle of human brotherhood, which must be proclaimed by a social evangelism, not as a sentiment or a theory, but as the controlling principle of social organization.

Such, in brief, is the content of a true social evangelism, which will find the form of its expression not only through voice and pen, but also in the vital ministry of deed, in the actual contact of human relations.

To sound the bugle call of duty to the slumbering social conscience, in the face of the social sins of the times, to thunder the necessity for social repentance and the supremacy of divine law over the stricken fields of industrial strife, to flash the vision of the social ideal, to run through the "ink of the slough and the sink of the mire, the veins of glory and fire," that nourish the life of purity, of justice and of love, and so to bring to the troubled, questioning hearts of men the certainty of the ultimate realization of the Kingdom—this is to herald the social evangel, and this is the task of the men of the Kingdom.

Hollyhocks

They rise beyond the fountain rocks,
These spinsters robed in dainty frocks,
  So stately, prim and tall;
Their hue the very rainbow mocks—
These quaint, old-fashioned hollyhocks,
  Against my garden wall.

Their crimson e'en the rose defies;
Their pink is like the morning skies
  While yet the sun is low;
And if we turn away our eyes
They hold us with their witcheries
  And will not let us go.

—*Lloyd Mifflin.*

Marriage

Is marriage a failure? Yes, in about nine hundred ninety-nine cases out of a thousand. Is the institution of marriage a failure? No. But, like most human institutions, it needs a little fixing.

Having made these broad statements, let us do a little defining, so that we may know just what we mean. Most of the controversies in life occur because there is a misunderstanding about the meaning of terms. When I say that most marriages are a failure, I mean that they are not complete, entire successes; I mean that they are not the ideal conditions that the man and woman believed in and looked forward to during courtship. From this point of view I have understated the fact. Not one marriage in a thousand is a complete success. Not one marriage in a million is a complete success. Because we are human beings, finite and faulty, not one marriage since the world began is a complete success.

"Oh! But we don't expect complete success from men and women in any direction, along any lines."

Very true. We don't *expect* it. And yet the only salvation for men and women lies in constant *striving toward* the perfect, the ideal.

History gives us a few examples of marriages that were almost ideal. That of the Brownings is said to have been one. And yet, from some of Robert Browning's poems I have a strong suspicion that the flame of his love sometimes flickered. In fiction, as I recall, no writer has dared to picture a perfect marriage. A great many of the story writers, very wisely, avoid, altogether, the real question of marriage. They get their young people to the altar, tie them together, and then leave them to their fate. On the part of most of the story writers, this is the wise course. Knowing nothing of the real problems of marriage, they should not attempt to discuss them.

About the institution of marriage—isn't it divine? Yes, it is divine in the same sense that every other institution, which has the sanction of the vast majority of mankind, is divine; not otherwise. The institution of marriage is a human institution, established by men, to meet the needs and conditions of men and women and children in society. In the early history of the race, practically everywhere, it sanctioned polygamy. In certain countries of the east polygamy is still sanctioned. But the civilized races, as they advanced toward higher mental and moral and spiritual development, discovered a flaw in the polygamous feature of marriage; they subjected the institution to a little fixing; and we have today, among these so-called civilized races, an attempt at, a pretense of monogamy. Being a human institution, like forms of government—being, indeed, itself a form of government—the time will never come when we can say that this institution is now perfected.

Recognizing, then, that the institution of marriage is "sacred" in the same way that everything which touches the deep and vital facts of life is sacred; recognizing that it is "divine" in the same way that all institutions which have sprung from sincere and earnest thinking are divine; let us discuss, *fearlessly,* some questions pertaining to marriage.

In my opinion, one of the most serious mistakes that is made by both men and women is the assumption that *marriage gives rights.* We older men and women have been lovers. Let us thank God if we are so still. You younger men and women are, or will be, lovers. The period when men and women become lovers is, by common consent, termed courtship. During courtship

every effort is made by the man and the woman—though our English speaking women will very often deny this—to please, to give, to serve, to win. The young man who really loves a girl is forced by that love to try to win her. All of his thoughts and desires are to try to please her, to do for her some acceptable service, to give something which shall prove his devotion. He studies her tastes, her wishes. He tries to think the thoughts that she will approve; he tries to do the deeds that will win her smile and word of commendation; he tries to *be* a *manly man,* honest, truthful, clean, living a life every moment of which shall be a worthy tribute to his beloved. He finds his greatest pleasure—almost his sole pleasure, if he is really in love—in being with his beloved, in so conducting his life that he may win her smile, her approval. Mark this, I am speaking of love now, real love, and of that courtship which is inspired by real love. This attitude, of desire to please, of desire to give, of desired to be of real service to the loved one, is the attitude of both the man and the woman when there is real love. So the lovers seek each to win the other, the man in his way, the woman in hers. And during this period of seeking, this true period of courtship, the man never thinks of *his rights,* of what he may *demand* from the woman, nor does the woman ever think of *her rights,* of what she may *demand* from the man. They love each other, they desire to *give,* each to the other; and in that desire and the opportunities to satisfy it they find happiness.

Is there something in love besides giving, serving? Yes. There is receiving, accepting. The lover seeks to win the smile of his beloved. He wins it and is very happy. But notice the phrasing. He seeks *to win* the smile of his beloved. He does not *demand* her smile as his *right.* Not all of the joy of life comes from doing, serving. There are times when we can't do, when we can't serve, when we must sit or lie still and be ministered unto. It seems to me that the joy of life is made up equally of giving and receiving, of serving and accepting. To know that we are loved; to see love's message in the bright glance, the drooping lashes, the flushed cheek; to hear the softly whispered word—all this is heaven. We find joy in *giving* that which wins love. We find joy in accepting that which love gives. Rather—is it not—we find joy in the union of the giving and the receiving. But notice this, remember this, make sure of this—the joy comes, and comes only—where the giving, on both sides, is free-will giving. The rewards that we *demand,* the rewards that we *take,* as our right, bring no joy. *They* are not *rewards.* They are things taken, appropriated—ours by the brute law of force. It is only where we *give,* and *win,* the free-will *gift* in return, that there can be any joy in receiving. That is the law of love—*give,* and win *gifts, love,* and be *loved.* During courtship, the young man and the young woman understand this law fully, obey it implicitly.

Then they become engaged, they promise to marry, and, immediately, the serpent enters their Eden. For, just the moment that this promise passes, they begin to eat of the forbidden fruit. The man says: "You are *my* sweetheart, now. *I* have a *right* to your love. *I* have a *right* to your tenderness." The woman takes the same position. She feels that she has certain *rights* of proprietorship which the man must recognize. Love has not departed. There is still the desire on the part of each to *give* to the other. But that notion of proprietorship, of *personal rights,* is there; and when the girl smiles too sweetly on some other young man at the party, or when the man dances too often with some other girl, that forbidden fruit, the notion of *personal rights* brings jealousy and anger and resentment. The lovers quarrel. But they are lovers. Real love—whose sole law is the law of free service—real love exists. They forget the serpent and the knowledge which he brought them. They do more. They disavow all such knowledge. Each says: "*I* alone was to blame, not you, dearest." Each determines that never again shall fault be found. Each will *give* all and *ask* nothing, for that is the law of love—to *give* all and *ask, demand,* nothing.

They marry. In the very vows that they repeat at the altar this false notion of proprietorship is expressed. More and more it grows upon them. More and more the law of love is forgotten. At first, when the husband went home from his work, his thought was always to *take* something home to that dear woman. If he was wise, he knew that nothing else he could take was so valuable as his love, that nothing he could give would be sweeter to her than his lover's kiss. At first, this law of love ruled in *her* heart. What had she to *give,* what could she *do for* her lover-husband? Then a day came when he found weariness in his work, when he went home tired and worn and a little cross. That night he was not thinking about what he had to give. He was thinking about what he had a *right* to *expect* of tenderness, of sympathy. He got the tenderness. He got the sympathy. And there was a *feeling* on her part, unacknowledged, but there, that the law of love had been broken, that a *demand* had been made instead of a *gift* offered. Then, one night, when he came home, happy and joyous and ready to give her his lover-kiss, he found her suffering with headache. She didn't want a kiss. She wanted some hot water; and the fire was out. And wouldn't he "please hurry," she was "*so* sick." He did hurry. He did everything he could to relieve her pain. He was sincerely sorry for her and wished to *do* all in his power for her. But he *felt* that it wasn't altogether a free-will offering on his part. She was *demanding* it as her *right.*

We know what happened. We know how this notion of proprietorship, of a *right* to *demand* certain things, grows and broadens and deepens. And just to the extent that this notion finds place in the life of a man or a woman, to that extent does the law of love lose place. My brothers, my sisters, believe me, the law of love is the truth; the notion of personal rights is a falsehood. The dream of the youth and the maiden—that happiness is to be gained by serving, by giving, and by accepting that which is *freely* given—that dream is a vision of the truth. The law of love is the law of life. There is no happiness, there is no real peace or serenity excepting in its observance. Young man, young woman, you who are dreaming that dream of love, hold fast to it as to the pearl without price. Let nothing induce you to relinquish it. Believe in it as you believe in your own existence. To *give* all and *demand* nothing, to *give* all and to find your joy in freely giving and in accepting what is freely given—that is the law of love, the law of life. You, young men and women, you, who are lovers, or will be, oh! believe me, your brightest dream of the beauty of love, of the utter unselfishness of love, of the supreme value of love—that dream is inspired of God, that dream is a vision of the truth. Cling to it, hold fast to it. Strive for its realization in your lives, make it a *reality* between you two, and it shall bless you with ineffable blessing. Make it a *reality* between you two, and it shall grow until it embraces not only you two, but your kinsmen, your friends, your towns-

people, your race, the world. Hold fast to your belief in the law of love; and from that shall spring every beautiful, every helpful, every inspiring belief and faith that life has to offer. Hold fast to your belief in the law of love, and you shall believe in the worth of life, in the divinity of man, in the immortality of the soul, in the ever present and all-embracing love of God. O, my brother, my sister, hold fast to your belief in love and the law of love. Love is life. The law of love is the law of life, the supreme law of God. Said W. C. Gannett,

> I dreamed of Paradise,—and still,
> The sun lay soft on vale and hill,
> And trees were green and rivers bright,
> The one dear thing that made delight,
> By sun or stars or Eden weather,
> Was just that we two were together.
>
> I dreamed of Heaven,—and God so near!
> The angels trod the shining sphere,
> And all were beautiful; the days
> Were choral work, were choral praise;
> And yet, in Heaven's far-shining weather,
> The best was still,—we were together.
>
> I woke—and found my dream was true,
> That happy dream of me and you!
> For Eden, Heaven, no need to roam;
> The foretaste of it all is *home,*
> Where you and I through this world's weather
> Work, and give praise and thanks together.
>
> Together greet life's solemn real,
> Together own one glad ideal,
> Together laugh, together ache,
> And think one thought, "each other's sake,"
> And hope one hope—in *new*-world weather
> To still go on, and go together.

Have I forgotten that we are not all young? that the sparkle and glow and bloom of youth are not with all of us? No. I have not forgotten. To you, my sober, practical, middle-aged and elderly friends, this—every word uttered for the young man, the young woman, is for you. We are no longer young? Why, no, our bodies *aren't.* This hair of ours is sprinkled with gray or is turned quite white. These faces of ours are not so plump and fresh as they were twenty, thirty, forty years ago. Our eyes are not so bright, our hearts are not so eager as they were. But we—the real you, the real me—*we* are not concerned with years. We are not old. Age does not touch the spirit. And if we have, foolishly, allowed ourselves to think that we are old, that we may no longer dream the dreams of youth, let us rid us of our folly now, here. The dreams of youth? Ah! brother, sister, we *may* no longer dream the *foolish* dreams of youth. We *may* no longer dream the foolish, the selfish dreams of power, of wealth, of fame, of *personal* aggrandizement. We have learned our limitations along those lines. We have learned that the intellectual grasp of a Plato, a Shakespeare, a Spencer, an Emerson is not ours. We are not warriors like Alexander or Napoleon, or Grant or Lee. We are not great orators or great statesmen or great singers or great financiers—or, if we are, we know the hollowness of our achievement. Along the lines of *personal aggrandizement,* we have discovered the emptiness of many of our youthful dreams. And because we have found that those *selfish* dreams of ours were foolish and empty, we have come to think that all of our youthful dreams were foolish, empty. Can't we discover the difference between that one bright vision of love and all those other dreams? Can't we see how, in that vision of love, the law of love, of life, governed? Can't we understand the difference between *doing right* and *demanding rights?* All the difference between heaven and hell lies there. The vision of love—that led us to give, to serve, to do, to find all joy and happiness in what we might bestow and in what came to us as the free bestowal of another—brothers, sisters, that vision is as rightfully ours *now* as *ever.* It is possible for us to reëstablish the law of love as the law of our lives. It is possible for us to forget all of this foolish, selfish nonsense that we have been thinking for so many years. It is possible for us to bravely face the fact that *we are not concerned with our rights.* It is possible for us to grasp the thought that *we are not concerned with other people's duties.* It is possible for us to get a clear view of this profound truth—that the one business of our lives, the one thing with which we *are concerned* is the *doing* of our *duties.* We men, today, are not foolish enough to think that we *own,* absolutely, our wives. We look upon the customs of our savage ancestors, the customs of the Turk, as brutal. We do not whip our wives, with a lash, or strike them, with our fists. But we still think that they *owe* us certain service, that we have a right to *demand* some things of them. My brother, it is true that your wife does *owe* you something. I assume that you are giving her something and that she, therefore, owes you something. But *her* obligations do not concern *you.* Turn *your* attention to discharging *your obligations.* Meet *your duties.* Cut out from your conduct, from your thinking and speaking and acting, the selfish *demands,* the selfish assertion of *your rights;* and put into your conduct the *doing* of your *duties.* Obey the law of love. Give, bestow, serve, love. And ask nothing, demand nothing, expect nothing; but *know, know* as you know that you breathe, that you walk, that you think, that you live—know that when you have *earned* love, you will *get* love. God rules here and now. We can't *earn* anything and not get it. There is nothing in this wide universe, worth having, that can be kept from us when we have deserved it. In this marriage relation, as elsewhere, my brother, my sister, you need not concern yourself in the slightest about the rewards which shall come to you. God rules. The just laws of the loving God govern. There is no more possibility of your *earning* love and receiving indifference than there is of the apple falling upward. The law of love is as unchanging, as constant, as the law of gravitation. If you will obey the law of love, if you will give and ask nothing, if you will serve and demand nothing, then the rewards of love will come to you just as inevitably, with the same certainty and in the same due time that the days follow the nights.

Friends, men and women, young and old, God help us to see, to understand the truth. We are not perfect men, not perfect women. We cannot hope to attain to the ideal marriage; but, thank God, we may strive toward it. We may acknowledge the law of love. We may gain the supreme blessing that comes to mortals—the consciousness that we have striven, the knowledge that we have received what we have earned, the certainty that the just and loving God rules.

Presque Isle, Me. E. G. Brown.

A man only understands that of which he has already the beginnings in himself.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Like acts upon like. Therefore do not amend by reasoning, but by example; approach feeling by feeling; do not hope to excite love except by love. Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself, and not your words preach.—*Amiel's Journal.*

Human Brotherhood

II. Brotherhood Between Races.

Perhaps nothing in the past has done so much to create antagonism between races, perhaps nothing is doing so much to create and foster antagonism at the present time, as the disposition on the part of the stronger and the more advanced races to tyrannize over, oppress and wrong the weaker and the less advanced,—to subjugate them, to exploit their lands, and in many cases virtually to make slaves of them. Under such conditions, of course, brotherhood is impossible. Brotherhood can be based only on kindliness and justice.

What ought the thought of the strong and civilized power of Europe to be concerning the weaker and less civilized peoples of Africa and Asia? It should be, not, "How may we subjugate them, and gain possession of their territories, and exploit them for our own enrichment?" but, "How may we help them, lift them up, set them on the road to higher civilization and self-development?" Europe's failures here have been great and shameful.

The cruelties practiced upon the helpless natives in the Congo Free States by the government of King Leopold of Belgium have given a shock to the civilized world.

Great Britain's long continued treatment of China, in again and again waging war against her for the purpose of forcing the opium trade upon her people, thus to gain revenue by their degradation and ruin, forms one of the darkest records of modern history. Indeed the treatment which nearly all the leading powers of Europe have accorded to China (especially that in connection with the Boxer rebellion of 1900) has been overbearing, tyrannical and unjust in the extreme.

Great Britain's treatment of India, her persistence in holding in subjection a highly intellectual people, with a civilization far older than her own, exploiting and impoverishing their country for her own enrichment, and granting them no voice whatever in their own government, is a great and long-continued wrong which the whole civilized world should condemn.*

How can such treatment of weaker peoples, by those who are able to defy principles of justice because they have superior military power, fail to promote race antagonisms of the most intense and lasting character?

Turn now to our own nation. What have we done on this side of the Atlantic to promote or to hinder the spirit of brotherhood between races? How ought our white race to have treated the aborigines of this country? As William Penn and the early Quakers treated the Indians of Pennsylvania, with kindness and justice. If we had always bought the Indians' land as the Quakers did, instead of driving them from it, if we had always dealt with them honestly and honorably, instead of making treaties with them only to break the same at our convenience, we should have had peace instead of endless wars. Considering the fact that our civilization was higher than theirs, we ought from the first to have extended to them the hand of helpfulness. We should have acted the part of older and wiser brothers. We should have given them schools, especially schools for training in agriculture, in gardening and fruit culture, in stock raising, in simple trades and handicrafts, in homemaking, and in whatever else would fit them to become self-respecting and self-supporting members of settled and civilized communities. At last we are attempting in some measure to do this. But how late have we begun, and even now how imperfectly are we carrying on our work!

Within a few years past we have followed the evil example of the nations of Europe and obtained a colony, or rather a dependency, in the far East. We found a people struggling to free themselves from a tyrannical foreign power. What did we do? As friends and champions of the oppressed, did we protect them, and help them to secure the liberty which they desired? No; we seized their country, carried on a bloody war to subdue them, and have held them ever since as our subjects. Has this been right? Let those answer who believe, with the founders of our own nation, that all just government "derives its power from the consent of the governed." Turning from the past to the present, what ought we to do now with these "subjects" of ours? Does not consistency with our history and professions as a liberty loving people, does not justice, and, above all, does not the principle of human brotherhood demand in the most imperative way, that at the earliest practicable date we shall accord to them the same right of self-government which we claim for ourselves?

What ought to be the attitude of the white race in this country toward our negro population? Because we, the white people, have always been free, while the negroes have been enslaved; because we have enjoyed advantages which the negroes have not; because our civilization is higher than theirs, therefore the greater responsibility is on us. Noblesse oblige. Always the higher race should be leaders in the work of lifting up the lower. Strong men feel ashamed to abuse weak children. The races that are low down in civilization should be thought of as the child races of the world, to be protected and helped as children. If the negroes occasionally commit crimes against the whites, the white people should not retaliate by committing crimes against them. Committing a second wrong never wipes out a first. The reply which the white people should make to the shortcomings of the negroes, is better schools and more of them, especially industrial and agricultural schools like those at Hampton and Tuskegee. Grant that our race-problem, especially in the Southern states, is a very serious and difficult one; the key to it is brotherhood; there is no other. And let us understand once for all, that brotherhood is the key to all race problems, wherever they appear in the world.

Hartford, Conn. J. T. Sunderland.

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*Great Britain's crime against the people of India is two-fold. (1) She has conquered and disarmed them, and by the power of the sword is holding them in subjection against their will. She rules them by means of a foreign bureaucracy as autocratic and arbitrary as that of Russia, and, because foreign, therefore much less sympathetic with the people. Though the country is their own, she grants them no part in its government, and therefore no power to protect themselves against tyrannical and unjust laws. (2) She has impoverished them to an appalling extent. The drain of wealth from India to England which has been going on steadily for more than 150 years, and is now between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000 a year, has reduced India, formerly a country of great wealth, to a condition of impoverishment unequaled in any other civilized land. This is the cause of the terrible famines which with steadily increasing severity destroy her people by millions. There is no lack of food in the land, even in the worst famine seasons, as all competent observers, including the government famine commission, declare. But so great is the poverty to which the people have been reduced by heavy taxation, by the destruction of their manufactures in the interest of British manufacturers, and especially by the constant and heavy drain of revenue to England, that when the usual rains do not come and there is local failure of crops, millions are unable to purchase enough, even of the coarsest rice or millet, to sustain life, and there is nothing left for them but starvation,—unless they are relieved by government doles.

THE STUDY TABLE

A Table of Summer Books

On our table lies *Charity,* a weekly journal of philanthropy, and it ought to be studied. It is full of just that material which will enable reformers to comprehend what is wanted, and not undertake to tread the same ground over half a dozen times. The February number was devoted to city improvement, and there are hosts of UNITY readers who should make a study of this number.

The National Geographic Magazine is another of the good things; indeed it is so good that I am surprised at the quality. It goes with membership in the National Geographic Society, and can otherwise be had for $2.50 a year. Every number is packed with superb illustrations, not surpassed or surpassable.

The *Education Department Bulletin,* of New York, for March contains a report of the University Convocation of last year. This includes Chancellor Draper's address; President Faunce's superb address on Humanizing Study; that of Sir Purdon Clarke's on the Province of a Museum of Art in Education; several addresses on industrial education, including my own. As this is the first time that the University Convocation has ever been opened to industrialism, the Report is worth the getting.

I have from Funk and Wagnalls a volume called "Smiling Round the World," by Marshall P. Wilder. This book is, of course, after the style of the jokers, but it contains a lot of good stuff. Mr. Wilder is always genial and wholesome. He thinks that the world has been growing smaller ever since he was a boy, and by and by it will be so small that a fly can go round it in twenty-four hours—some more of us begin to feel that way.

Another funny book comes from the same publishers, by Grenville Kleiser. It will do very well to take into your hammock with you on a hot noonday. And there is a good deal of real wisdom in the book. It probably would furnish extracts for young speakers.

Have you read that capital book by Newman Smyth, and published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, "Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism"—that is the coming of a nobler religion, which shall be really catholic toward everybody and for everybody. It foretells the windup of sectarianism and mere protestanism. It demands something better than tolerance, and compells us to believe in the Modern church, filled with the thought and the hope that is modern—all of which we are confident is coming. Place right with this book, Dr. Funk's little pocket volume, entitled "The Next Step in Evolution." It is not quite a new book, but read it through and through, and then read it again. It teaches the reappearance of Christ in the hearts of his followers. It has come to its fourth edition, and ought to reach the twentieth. The bells are ringing for a church of evolution. Put on your hat and go.

A charming sort of book comes to me from G. P. Putnam's Sons, entitled "The Way of the Woods." It is a book for sportsmen, however, and I am not a sportsman. I never killed anything for fun in my life, and I never will. I detest the whole business. There are, however, in this volume lots of things that will be acceptable to those who do not go into the woods with murder in their hearts. The author of this book is Edward Breck, and he has given us the least objectionable as well as most practical book of the sort yet published.

From D. C. Heath & Co. I get "The Principles of International Law," by T. J. Lawrence, L.L.D. There is something wonderfully fascinating about that word international. It means the growing brotherhood of humanity, and as we get nearer to each other we feel the increasing demand for a code of law that shall cover the world. This book by Dr. Lawrence is so lucid that it can be easily and pleasantly read by everybody. It is full of that sort of information which is becoming very important. I recommend it in very strong terms. E. P. POWELL.

Books Received

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY:
"The Heavenly Life." By James Allen. 84 pages. Price, $.50.
"The Discovery of the Soul." By Floyd B. Wilson. 247 pages. Price, $1.00.

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY:
The Works of Charles W. Pearson, in three volumes:
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Price, $1.25 per volume, net; $3.00 per set.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY:
"New Worlds for Old." By H. G. Wells. 353 pages. Price, $1.50, net.
"Interpretation of the Bible." A Short History. By George Holley Gilbert, Ph.D., D.D. 309 pages. Price, $1.25, net.

A Desire

And I an exile from my own loved field and wood,
Denied the sight of bursting bud and bloom,
The sweet song sparrow's thrilling call,
"The spring is here, oh, come."
How will the acorn, which, with bare brown foot
I pushed into the cool November earth,
Know that I wish to greet its first faint green,
Which, gathering light and warmth, grows into spreading tree?
The patient worm that last year spun its own death shroud
Full often told me of the flower of air which, after sleep,
Should come forth from that winding sheet
To meet my waiting eyes.
The thread of silver wandering through the violet bed
Holds many treasures for my fickle choice,—
The tiny fish, the water sprite,
The deep-cupped lily, with its heart of gold,
And bold-voiced frog, whose gutteral tone
Breaks on the stillness of the dewy eve.
The gaunt red squirrel, rousing from his sleep,
Looks vainly for the friend to share with him his store of nuts.
How can the mother robin feel her bright blue treasures will be safe
From reckless boy or glittering snake while she refreshes stiffening wing?
These are my friends,—I long to be among them there.
To listen to their tones without discord or jar
Fills full my soul with the delights of earth.
What have I here? Four walls, rough-strewn with art-made flowers,
A narrow court from which comes up a sigh of tortured life,
A grey, dull sky, but shadows grayer, duller streets,
Where tramp the weary men in search of gold.
For them no song of bird, no wild bee's hum or rippling waters flow,
Dear Nature is a closed book too hard for them to reach.
For me the dear sun shines; 'tis waiting on the hill just now;
The leaves soft rustle my encore, and bid me come again,
The bright bird's song, allures me to my haunts of old;
The wild deer springing from the glade
But challenge me to reach the goal.
I, too, will burst my bonds and flee;
My feet shall follow where my heart doth dwell.

Chicago, April, 1908. ***

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—A great idealist can never be egotistic.
MON.—God has made every man fit for his work.
TUES.—To create anything in reality is to put life into it.
WED.—It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated.
THURS.—In order to find what is fairest you must delight in what is fair.
FRI.—The nations which possessed a refined art were always subdued by those who possessed none.
SAT.—There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration.

—*John Ruskin.*

A Squaw's Gratitude

"There, Bobby! There, Kitty! Papa has played long enough. Run away now, or we won't have any wood to burn next winter." And, clapping his hat on his head and seizing his axe, Mr. Joiner started for the forest, on the edge of which stood his little home, far down in the southern part of Alabama.

Bobby ran after him shouting: "Papa, papa, let me go wif you. I'll be a good boy."

"Come along then," answered his father, "but hurry now, I'm very late." And off they went, Bobby carrying his toy hatchet over his shoulder as his father carried his axe.

Bobby played about happily for a long time, now trying to cut down little trees with his hatchet, now hunting for wild grapes, and now peering into holes after rabbits; but at last, growing tired—for he was only four years old—he said:

"Papa, I reckon I'll go home now to see mamma and get somefing to eat. I'll carry her some fat lightwood to kindle her fire wif." And, filling his arms with small sticks of pitch pine, Bobby started off.

His father watched him a moment; but, seeing that he was in the right path to the house, he went on with his work until the horn called him home to dinner. Kitty ran to meet him, but Bobby was nowhere to be seen.

A few questions and answers told the father that he had not been home, and, without waiting for his dinner, he turned back into the forest. He soon reached the spot where he had last seen the child as he trudged toward home, and he began a search among the trees on either side. After a time he discovered the tiny armful of lightwood which Bobby was carrying home to his mother flung on the ground, evidently by an older hand and longer arm than Bobby's; but no other track or trace could he find. The ground all about was covered thickly with soft pine needles, which would not only deaden the sound of footsteps, but would take no impression of them. He kept up the search, however, until darkness came upon him, when he returned home, hastily snatched a little food, and started for the home of his nearest neighbor to obtain help in his search.

Days and weeks passed. Neighbors and friends for miles around had hunted for the lost boy, but could find not even a clue to his whereabouts, and hope of ever seeing him again was well-nigh abandoned. Cold weather was close at hand, and Mr. Joiner had gone back to his wood-chopping.

Mrs. Joiner was busy in the kitchen one forenoon when a shadow darkened the window, and she glanced up to see an Indian squaw looking in upon her. She held a pappoose in her arms instead of carrying it in the customary way upon her back, and her eyes wore such a troubled look that Mrs. Joiner went at once to the door and beckoned her in, first making sure that the door into the bedroom where Kitty and the baby were sleeping was closed.

"Me got sick pappoose," said the squaw, stopping in the doorway. "You make he well?"

"I'll try," answered Mrs. Joiner. "Let me see the baby. What is the matter with him?" and she pulled aside the blanket covering the pappoose.

"Him bery sick. Him choke. Him no bref," said the mother, anxiously.

Mrs. Joiner took the baby in her arms and listened to his labored breathing. "It's not croup," she said at last, "though it soon would have been if you had not brought him to me. May I put him into a warm bath?" For the poor little wretch was dirty to the last degree.

Gaining the mother's consent, she stripped the baby, put him into a hot bath, and, when his breathing seemed easier, she wrapped him in warm, clean flannels belonging to her own children, rubbed his chest with goose grease, and administered medicine and food.

The little pappoose slept until nearly night, and when, on his waking, his mother would have taken him and departed, both Mr. and Mrs. Joiner insisted that she should remain all night and sleep on the kitchen floor.

"Your baby will be sick again if you take him out now," said Mrs. Joiner, "and he may die. Stay here tonight." And she stayed.

In the morning the little Indian was bright and lively, laughing and crowing like any healthy, happy baby. Mrs. Joiner cuddled and petted him until the squaw said:

"You like my boy? You got no boy?"

"No," answered Mrs. Joiner, "I had one, but he got lost last summer, and we never could find him."

The woman started, then said:

"How old you boy? What like him? Got blue eye? Curls on head? Walk straight—head up?"

"Oh, yes, yes," answered Mrs. Joiner. "Where is he? Do you know? Can you take me to him? Quick! Quick!"

"Wait," answered the squaw. "How big he?"

"Just a little larger than Kitty," replied the poor mother, trembling with hope. "Oh, can you find him? Can you?"

"I find he. You make my boy well. I find yours. I go, but I come again soon. Trust me." And the squaw went swiftly into the forest, carrying her pappoose on her back, and leaving Mrs. Joiner almost wild between hope and fear.

A week passed, and the squaw had not reappeared; but toward night, near the end of the second week, she came silently into the kitchen door, leading by the hand the lost boy. With a shout of joy he sprang into his mother's arms and buried his face in her neck.

In the joyful tumult which followed the squaw turned and was stealing away as silently as she had come, when Mrs. Joiner ran after and detained her.

"Wait!" she said. "You must have food and stay the night with us, and you must tell us where you found our boy."

The woman shook her head. "Me no tell," she said. "Great chief kill me if he know I steal the boy. He like boy. He want make him big chief. Me no tell. You good to me and my pappoose, and me tank you. Me get your boy, but"—and, shaking her head in a meaning way, she swiftly disappeared in the forest, and no one in the neighborhood ever saw or heard of her again.—*Sarah E. Gannett, in Every Other Sunday.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE ABSINTHE STRUGGLE IN SWITZERLAND AND ELSEWHERE.—Opponents of the proposed federal anti-absinthe legislation in Switzerland having brought forward the very flimsy argument that such legislation was calculated to make the nation ridiculous in the eyes of the world, *Le Signal de Genève* replies with an interesting summary of what has been done in a legislative way elsewhere. After the Congo, it says, which proscribed absinthe several years ago, Belgium two years ago passed a law intended to put an end to a consumption of the liquor which, without being a grave public danger, was showing a tendency to increase.

In France, where it has been claimed there was no anti-absinthe struggle, a petition bearing 400,000 signatures—an enormous number, says the Swiss editor, for a country that knows nothing of the referendum—has been presented to Parliament asking the interdiction of absinthe, and bills in that sense have been introduced in both houses. Further more, the budget for 1909, recently submitted, proposes special taxes on absinthe, which the minister of finance, Mr. Caillaux, characterizes as a liquor dangerous to the public health. This fiscal measure is regarded by the anti-alcohol groups in both houses as merely a preliminary to total prohibition, the only efficacious and logical remedy for the evil.

In Germany, too, the subject is being investigated by the government at the inspiration of the municipality of Mulhouse. In Holland a petition for a preventive measure has recently been addressed to the government. In the Argentine Republic, a country in which there is a large consumption of absinthe, and Swiss absinthe at that, the strong anti-tuberculosis league has put a prohibitory absinthe law at the head of the list of temperance laws, which it considers urgent. The deputy from Buenos Ayres, Dr. Palacios, has introduced a prohibitory measure in the Chambers. In the United States even, an investigation is in progress to ascertain whether the consumption there is such as to demand special restrictive legislation.

Not only is it evident that the Swiss are in very good company in the step they are taking, the writer of this article also points out with satisfaction the favorable comment that its attitude has called out in the foreign press. Not only, he says, in the countries near us, France, Belgium, Germany, but farther away, Sweden, Norway, Russia, the United States, and even Canada, have recognized the breadth of view, the genuine concern for the real interests of the country shown by this vote on the federal initiative.

A later issue of the *Signal* reproduces this eloquent appeal from 50,000 Swiss women apropos of the popular vote on this question.

"Citizens of Our Country:

"You are about to be called upon to decide for or against the total prohibition of the manufacture and sale of absinthe within the limits of the Confederation.

"This is a very serious question for our people, because it is one of avoiding a danger which threatens the health and prosperity of the Swiss family. Remember, citizens, when you come to cast your ballots, that this vote does not represent yourselves—the men—only, but your wives, your sisters, your children—all those who cannot make their voices heard and who look to you for protection!

"May the blessing of God rest on you and on your decisions."

This is signed:

Alliance Nationale des Sociétés féminines (16,800 members); Branche Suisse de l'Union internationale des Amies de la jeune fille (1,950 members); Branche Suisse de l'Association catholique internationale des Oeuvres de protection de la jeune fille (3,000 members); Association des Comités de femmes de la Suisse Allemande pour le relèvement moral (16,500 members); Fédération Suisse des Ouvrières (700 members); Société d'utilité publique des Femmes Suisses (80,000 members).

M. E. H.

Tower Hill Notes

Tower Hill is an old story to the readers of UNITY and perhaps a tiresome one by this time to many. But to true lovers of Tower Hill, perhaps the very sameness which palls upon the readers of UNITY, may prove its greatest charm. Year after year we are greeted by the same hills, the same river with the same green islands and low, wooded shores and ancient bluffs, the same feathered companionship vocal with the same lyric rhapsodies, the same familiar blossoms lifting their little heads up into the light and joy of the world, the same trees, with their green branches dropping the same serene benedictions upon our heads, and more than all, a few of the same old friends come together to seek the same rest and the same uplift.

But there is plenty of variety in the midst of the unity. Both professional and amateur scientists alike and independently have thought they discovered a new note in the wood-thrush's call. A new road has been opened to new woods and literal new pastures. There are new books to read and new friends to discover, perhaps some of the kind "of which old friends can be made." A pair of swifts have built their nest in a chimney so low in the room that hourly observations can be made, and a widowed mourning dove broods her pair of dovelets scarcely three feet from a cottage porch. Her devotion no human mother could exceed and her continued alertness and anxiety are truly pathetic. Such a little time ago it was love-making and all the freedom and ecstasy of which bird life is the type in all the world, now the loneliness of widowhood and long weary days and nights on the nest, exaggerated by the inconveniently small, flat nest which, as is often the case with these shiftless dove housekeepers, consists of a few sticks thrown hurriedly together on a foundation of the remnants of a last year's robin's nest. A rim to the nest would apparently add much to her convenience and that of the younglings, but her poor pigeon-brain is not equal to the strain of making the connection between comfort and the placing of a few additional sticks. But where there is so much beauty and amiability, one should not complain of the quality of mind.

The past week has been one of rest and relaxation as complete as may come to the cottager with floors to be swept and mountain or valley gardens to be raked and weeded, but the next week will see the opening of the Summer School of Religion and Literature, and an influx of visitors who come to Tower Hill for the renewal of flagging minds as well as the resting of tired bodies. The conductor of this school is perennial and known without being named to UNITY readers, but next Sunday he will be re-enforced by the Rev. A. L. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., who will deliver the opening sermon in the Emerson Pavilion, and other delegates from the School of Ethics now in session at Madison. This school was attended last week by our conductor and the Rev. Mary E. Andrews, and we trust these mutual courtesies may prove the beginnings of much coöperation and helpfulness.

E. H. W.

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